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## REMINISCENCES OF AN IRISH LANDLORD.

## THE REBEL CHIEF—1799.

It was, I think, towards the close of the year 1799, that I came to reside in Ireland, upon a small estate which had been the property of an uncle, who, though warm-hearted and generous to all the world beside, would not, at any period of his life, have given me a single *sous*, though the gift were to save me from utter ruin; and for this simple reason—I happened to be of English extraction on the maternal side, and had been brought up in the Protestant faith—while he and all the other branches of his family were of unmixed Milesian origin, and devoted members of the Roman Catholic church. The estate, however, was so settled, that the old man's best inclinations could not alienate it from me; and a few days after intelligence of his demise had reached me, I took my departure from England, where I had hitherto resided, with a view to establish myself in the family mansion at B——.

As might be expected, I had imbibed many prejudices unfavourable towards the land of my destination; nor was the then unquiet state of various portions of it much calculated to remove them. Determining, therefore, to mix as little as possible with the natives of any rank, I prevailed upon my two sisters and a younger brother to accompany me, and was rejoiced that we should thus form a family circle which would render other society unnecessary. We arrived early in September; and having, with the least possible delay, hired a couple of post-chaises, commenced our overland journey to my Connaught estate. But such a two days' drive as we then endured, I hope I shall never again have to encounter. The weather had long been of the most unfavourable description: the rain had descended in torrents, swelling to floods the mountain-streams, sweeping from the earth every thing that stood in the way of their desolating career: the low lands became lakes; hay-ricks and houses were overturned; walls and bridges, which had braved the storms of centuries, were rent from their foundations; and trees of the most gigantic growth were torn up by the roots, or shivered into fragments, and in many places covered the road, so as to render carriage-travelling almost impossible.

The first stage over, we found ourselves seated in vehicles precisely similar to that described by Miss Edgeworth in "The Absentee," dragged forward by animals as high in bone and low in flesh as any Rosinante ever crossed by a wandering knight-errant in the wilds of the country through which we journeyed—and this on a *pavé* formed, as many of the old roads in Ireland were, with large stones, somewhat in the causeway fashion, not very equal in its surface, and which proceeded in that straight-forward direction which would never round a point to save an acclivity, but cut right onward over hill and through valley, causing more 'ups and downs' in that Irish portion of the world, than in any other similar extent of surface. After numerous delays, occasioned by the breaking of traces, belly-bands, and other parts of the harness, which the driver re-adjusted by pieces of cord, with a speed betokening constant practice, we arrived at a miserable village inn, where, finding it impossible to procure horses for the next stage, we were forced to put up for the night. Having procured the only refreshment the house afforded, consisting of a rasher of bacon and eggs, and some whiskey manufactured at the side of a neighbouring bog, to which we added a bottle or two of wine, laid in at the outset of our journey as a *sea-store*, we began

to think of how we could best dispose of ourselves for the night. There were but two bed-rooms in the house, one of which was pre-engaged; and the other was deemed, on inspection, quite unfit for use—the bed being evidently damp, and the broken window, here patched with paper, and there stuffed with rags, admitting the night-wind most freely—while the moist walls exhibited every variety of shade, from a dingy brown to a dirty white. There was no help for our misfortune; so, heaping the fire with fresh turf, and arranging our great coats and mufflers as mattresses, we stretched ourselves in the sitting-room, and were soon as soundly asleep as if we reposed on pillows of down. We had not, however, enjoyed our slumbers for more than three or four hours, when we were aroused by the furious barking of dogs, followed by a loud and continued knocking at the door, and the sound of several voices, demanding admittance. In a moment the house was in an uproar; and the outer door was scarcely opened, when our room was filled by a party of rude English soldiers, headed by a Scotch serjeant, the latter demanding who I was, whence I came, and making several other similar inquiries, and concluded by telling me that I was his prisoner, as my person and figure exactly answered the description of a rebel chief, of whom he was in search, and who, he had been informed, was secreted in that house. In vain I endeavoured to convince him of his mistake, and offered to produce evidence of my recent arrival from England; and as vainly did the landlord labour to the same purpose, stating that I formed one of a party who had only arrived the previous evening, and offering to show him the chaises which had conveyed us. But as well might we have reasoned with the wind: with his country's characteristic tenacity of purpose, he held to his point, and stating that "five hundher gowden guineas," the reward offered for the rebel's apprehension, "was nae a thing to be let slip frae a wise mon's fingers," he secured his captive by placing handcuffs upon me; and then leaving two of his men to prevent the possibility of escape, and ordering them a "muckle pint o' the lanlaird's best," he withdrew, with the remaining four, to enjoy a "stoup" at the kitchen fire.

My sisters were terribly alarmed at the predicament in which I was placed; but although, from my knowledge of the summary nature of military proceedings in those times, I did not feel at all at ease upon the matter, I affected to laugh at it, as a good joke, and cheered them by my gay and sportive demeanour. The two soldiers who were left to guard me, having seated themselves at the table, with one hand resting on their muskets, the other supporting their heads, after a draught of what serjeant M'Leod called "an unco gude drap o' tody," appeared very drowsy, and it evidently required an exertion to keep themselves awake. The rest of the party had stretched themselves before the kitchen fire, their firelocks beside them; and by degrees the hoarse voice of the serjeant became less and less distinct; and scarcely an hour had passed away, when the stillness of death again reigned throughout the entire house.

Suddenly and without the slightest previous disturbance, I perceived four men enter our room, and wrest their arms from the two soldiers, who were then asleep, and were consequently pinioned almost without resistance. At the same moment a dreadful scuffle was heard in the outer room; the clashing of arms and the report of two muskets told the dreadful work which was going forward—while the hoarse voice of the serjeant broke distinctly through the din, stimulating his surprised and enraged men. In vain did the assailants call upon their opponents to sur-

render—the furious struggle, the heavy fall, and the dying groan, alone gave back reply. But the voice of the serjeant was at length silenced in death: a thrust of a bayonet, which had been wrested from the gun of one of his own party, reached his heart; but even while the iron entered, his uplifted broadsword fell powerfully upon his slayer, and clove his head in twain. Their leader dead, and themselves overpowered by numbers, the soldiers called for quarter—and contrary to usual practice, it was granted. Securing their prisoners and gathering up the arms, the victors regaled themselves with a glass of the ‘native,’ and then departed, bearing off their dead and wounded. The dreadful situation of my sisters may be easily imagined; but while labouring under considerable apprehension myself, I could not but admire the cool self-possession of my youthful brother, who stood in the door-way, an interested, but tranquil spectator of the entire scene.

The party had no sooner left the house, than the room was entered by a very elegant young man, dressed in a green coat with white buttons, and having a dagger secured in a black leather belt which he wore around his waist. Nothing could be more prepossessing than his whole appearance: the frank and affable manner in which he came forward, and apologised for the inquietude which had been occasioned by the rencontre, made a deep impression upon us; and, though disposed to recoil from the leader of a lawless party, which he proved to be, there was so much kindness and generosity in his deportment, that, despite of myself, I felt favourably towards him. Observing the manacles on my hands, he tendered his assistance to remove them; but he found it a task difficult to accomplish, till, recollecting that the key might be on the person of the dead serjeant, he fortunately found it, and liberated me. Having renewed his apologies, he was about to retire, when I warmly pressed him to sit down and take a glass of wine with me. He looked at his watch, and observed, that having a few minutes to spare, he would willingly spend them with us. “I have reason to think,” said he, as he took his seat, “that I was the individual whom the party sought. I have resided here for some time, and suppose the pass has been sold upon me by some pretended friend; and that, but for the mistake the serjeant made, I should not have now escaped the fate which many of my ill-fated companions have already experienced.”

On my observing, that it grieved me much to find a person of his bearing and evident station in life, connected with proceedings which could only be productive of disgrace and misery—he shook his head, and looking thoughtful for a moment, said, “Yes, Sir, I believe we were too sanguine; although I cannot but still think the cause in which we were engaged was a good one, and one that, had it been successful, would have been productive of real benefit. But more blood has been spilt than had been at all contemplated. For instance, I had every reason to believe that not a life would have been lost in the present instance—and deeply do I lament the necessity which occasioned the shedding of so much blood. Had my injunctions been followed, and the somnific draught been allowed to operate upon the soldiers, all would now have been well. But the lads whom I had collected for the occasion, no sooner perceived through the window the position of the soldiers, than they determined on their immediate capture, and the resistance they experienced so inflamed their minds, that I lost all control over them, and the scene was unnecessarily tragical.”

I remarked that there was no knowing to what lengths such beginnings led, and that as he seemed to see, at least in part, the evils and

hopelessness of such proceedings, I hoped he would excuse me for entreating him to give up their pursuit in time.

"I feel obliged by your kind intentions," he rejoined; "and admit that shortly after engaging in the matter, I became fearful of the result; but it was then too late, as I could not with honour abandon those who had linked their fate with mine. Besides, I have too little faith in the military councils into whose hands I should fall, to trust my life to their honour. I feel, indeed, that my destiny is fixed; I am a marked man—a price is set upon my head—and mine shall be the fortune of many a better individual—a bloody, and what some may esteem a disgraceful, death. There have been many victims, and there will be still more. But for my own part, I care not—the cause is lost; and were it not for the pain which it will occasion to those who are dearer to me than life, the result as it regards myself would not cost me a thought—for, thank God, I know how 'to suffer, and be still.'"

At this moment a shrill whistle from without was heard. He started from his seat, and said, "I must away; the English bloodhounds will soon be up in full cry—but they must get on another scent ere they shall again track the rebel chief. Farewell—excuse the uneasiness I have occasioned you—and believe, that however great may appear my desperation, far greater have been my wrongs." He shook each of us warmly by the hand, and hurried out of the house, leaving us to muse on the extraordinary and terrible adventure of the night.

With the morning's dawn, we proceeded on our journey—and a most miserable one it proved. The country through which we passed was hilly, bleak, and barren, the day cold and gloomy, and the rain a perfect torrent. As evening closed in, however, we were congratulating ourselves with the idea that six or eight miles more would bring us to our destination, when, in passing a kind of channel which extended across the road, the axletree of the chaise in which I was seated gave way, and we were in a moment upset in a dyke. Although so near our new home, our situation was truly deplorable. We were in the midst of a wild and strange country, where the few huts which lay thinly scattered around gave little hope of help; so that most heartily did we wish to be again comfortably settled in old England, from which, after what we had experienced, it would certainly have taken more than the promise of an Irish estate again to lead us away. On examining the carriage, and seeing that it was beyond our power to get it to rights again, I resolved to send my sisters forward in the other chaise, with as much of the luggage as possible, and to get some of the country people to accompany me with the remainder of it. Against this arrangement, however, my sisters positively protested, declaring they would on no account be separated from me. I hastened, therefore, to the nearest hovel, to procure assistance, where the scene which presented itself beggars description. In the miserable habitation, which was far inferior to any English pig-stye I had ever seen, I beheld, crouched round the dying embers of a few turf, seven or eight wretched-looking human beings—the entire scene presenting a truly characteristic foreground for a painter of life in its most abject form. My appearance created evident surprise and alarm; and two of the party, starting upon their feet, rushed violently by me, and were instantly out of sight. One man, however, advanced towards me; but upon endeavouring to explain the object of my visit, I found, to my great annoyance, that he appeared not to understand a single syllable of English. At length, I succeeded in inducing him to follow me, which he did at first with evident reluctance; but no

sooner did he perceive the overturned chaise, than he at once comprehended my object, and advanced boldly. Fortunately the post-boys understood Irish, and were consequently able to make the man acquainted with who we were and what we wanted, which was no sooner done, than, placing his fingers in his mouth, he gave a whistle that might be heard for miles round. In a moment we were surrounded by a crowd of men of various ages, who after a few words addressed to them by the cottier, all crossed themselves, and stared on me with anxious curiosity—a curiosity which, at the time, I by no means relished. From the dreadful privations which many of the poor people had suffered during the year—for they had almost to a man been implicated in the rebellion, and had consequently been obliged often and long to conceal themselves in woods, bogs, and mountain fastnesses, and endure the terrible hardships incident to such a mode of existence—they looked more like anatomies of death—more like savages newly risen from their graves, than the inhabitants of a civilized country. Observing that my travelling companions were a good deal agitated, I expressed a wish to one of the post-boys, that the whistling gentleman, by another blast of his instrument, would send away at least two-thirds of the fearful-looking assemblage he had collected around us—when, to my no small surprise, the latter stepped forward, and pulling off his old caubeen, which shaded a fine, open, manly, though care-worn countenance, and making a low bow, addressed me in very intelligible English: “An’ may it please yer honour’s honour, it’s yees that needn’t be afther tormintin’ yer honours with bad thoughts about the boys; for though the Lord he knows we are poor-lookin’ spalpeens, maybe as how we’re better nor we look; an’ it’s ourselves that wouldn’t be afther hurtin’ a hair o’ yer honour’s head, but quite the contrary; for yees were always the ginerous and the decent seed, breed, an’ gineration—every mother’s sowl of yees! Hurra, boys, for the new lanlord, the nephew of him that never distressed the poor—an’ now he’s dead an’ gone, the heavens be his bed; sure ye’re welcome to yer own, an’ why not—an’ the darlind ladies, too, the crathurs! Hurra, boys, hurra!”—and throwing up his hat in the air, we were instantly greeted with three hearty cheers.

Finding myself unexpectedly among my own tenantry, though I felt by no means proud of them, I was quite at ease upon the ground of safety. Turning to the spokesman of the party, I expressed my surprise that he had not made use of his English when I most needed it?

“Och, thin, sure I didn’t know ’twas yerself, yer honour; an’ ’tis safest these times to keep a body’s tongue sayin’ nothin’, for maybe it’s a spy or informer that ’ud come across us—the Lord be betune yer honour an’ harm. But whin I saw as how it was yer honour that was in it, thin I gave yer honour the talk that a gentleman ’ud comprehend.”

I saw at once the pitiable situation, and was gratified by the genuine kind-heartedness of these poor people—while, at the same time, I could not but think that if they were a specimen of my tenants, I should have no great bargain in my Irish estate. Meantime, some of the lads had assiduously set themselves to work, unpacking the trunks, &c. which my oratorical friend no sooner perceived, than he exclaimed, “Arrah, thundher an’ fury, what are yees at, ye lazy aumadhavns?—sure there’s enough iv ye to carry coach an’ all, an’ their honours in it. Just be afther tyin’ on that box agin, in half the time yees were takin’ it off, an’ bad loock to yees; an’ run, Jim Corrigan, run to Jinny, an’ she’ll give ye the back rail iv the cart, and the tether iv the ould cow, and be back here in no time. Now, boys, put yer showldhers undher the lift side

iv her, an' rise her up, d'ye see, till she fairly gets upon her bottom. Pat, achora," he continued, "be affther handin' me the rail an' the tether, an' lind a hand, boys, just to give the rope a pull."

Thus, with the articles mentioned, aided by cords which the drivers contributed, in an incredibly short time, the vehicle was set in moving order; and hurrying me and my companion into it, "out iv the cowl," as the warm-hearted fellows expressed it, they tackled themselves to it, in defiance of every remonstrance, and before we could make any resistance, they drew us along in fine style, leaving the "ould garrons" to help their brothers, which, they said, would have quite enough to do to keep up to them. While contemplating the scene before me, I could not avoid pondering on the extraordinary character of a people, who appeared for the time to forget their own misery, in a desire to promote the happiness of others.

In due time we arrived at B——; and the party, having given three hearty cheers, were about to depart, when I offered them some money, as a remuneration for their trouble. "Throth, then, yer honour, ye'll be affther excusin' us, if ye plase," said my loquacious friend; "bad loock to the rap wan iv us 'ill finger; maybe ye think it was that we war workin' for—but yer honour doesn't know us yet."

"Well, well," said, I, "if you will not touch the money, I suppose you will have no objection to drink our health, if the house has wherewithal for the purpose."

"Och, then maybe we won't, yer honour, an' *ceadh mille failtah*—an' sure this is the house that the dhry mouth never came to without wettin', the blessed Virgin be about it!"

The whiskey-glass having established a friendly understanding between us, I did not find it very difficult to prevail on them to accept the money they had before rejected; after which they peaceably and good-humouredly departed.

I had calculated upon very little comfort at my entrance upon Irish life; but, whether it proceeded from my limited expectations, or from the fatigues I had endured, I felt, as I sat down at my new fire side, that even an Englishman might find a residence in Connaught tolerable. The domestics had all grown grey in my uncle's service, and from the highest to the lowest appeared to have imbibed his quiet and friendly deportment. The old gentleman had died suddenly, without leaving a will; and to an aged servant, who seemed an actor of all work, butler, overseer, own man, &c. the care of all things had devolved. From him I received the account-books and keys; and, upon examination, I had presumptive, and in many cases positive evidence of the most scrupulous honesty. My predecessor had always kept what in Ireland is called "a full house," so that of wine, usquebaugh, and the more substantial *et-ceteras* of good cheer, there was no deficiency.

Refreshed by a good night's repose, and anxious to see the description of country in which I was to spend my future days, the morning's dawn found me on the alert. The sun, although pale and sickly-looking, rose with a chastened splendour, which I had not observed for weeks previously; and so gentle was the breeze, that, as it swept across the wide-spreading demesne, it scarcely ruffled the leaves on the stately poplars, or shook the sparkling rain-drops from the many-coloured ash and elm trees, which stood here and there in clumps throughout the lawn. In short, the entire scene, as viewed from my bed-room window, was one calculated to make me think much more favourably of my new residence than I had been led to expect. The house was an old baronial

mansion, with wings and turrets, and had, no doubt, been deemed a very fine place in its time, although now a little antiquated, and considerably the worse of the wear. The furniture was mostly of a similar description. The ground, however, which surrounded the house, had been laid out and planted in a most tasteful manner; and only a few miles distant stood a lovely lake, confined on the opposite side by a huge barrier mountain, which was well wooded, and formed a covert for red deer, and almost every other description of game.

Having letters of introduction to the Rector of the parish, and to the pastor of a little colony of Presbyterians, who had long before settled in the neighbourhood—I lost no time in introducing myself to their acquaintance. The Presbyterian minister was by no means prepossessing in his appearance; he had a rudeness and vulgarity about him which I did not relish. He was, however, reputed to be a jolly, good-natured, kind-hearted personage, who could take his tumbler, smoke his pipe, and play a game of spoiled-fives with any man in the country, and not being over straight-laced himself, cannot be supposed to have been a too scrupulous overseer of his flock. The Rector was a young unmarried man, of good family, and was, in the then generally-received acceptation of the term, a right pleasant fellow: he could leap a five-bar gate, *belt* his *bottle*, sing his song, and tell his *adventures* with as good a grace as any fox-hunter of his day, and was consequently high in favour with the neighbouring gentlemen, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant. Indeed, to use a diplomatic phrase, the most friendly relations subsisted between him and the Parish Priest; there was no wish to make proselytes on either side—the man of the establishment seemed to hold that the way in which an individual was born and brought up was the safest wherein to live and die—while he of the mother church seemed to be so occupied with his own carnal needs, that he could afford little time to attend to what the charity of his calling might esteem the spiritual wants of the minister's flock. In the Rector was seen the accomplished gentleman, the smart but superficial scholar: in the priest, a man, who having been educated at a foreign university, could speak Latin well, and quote fluently the fathers—but who, being of low origin, and having mingled much with the humbler classes of the people, was very little superior to them in his ordinary deportment, and spoke broken English with a provincial brogue engrafted upon a foreign accent. While, however, the Rector and the Priest were on the best terms with each other, they both appeared to have a great antipathy to the Presbyterian, as being rather an intruder. Indeed the Episcopalian seemed to have so cordial a dislike to any thing in the shape of dissent, that he once (like the squire in 'Joseph Andrews') absolutely set a pair of fox-hounds after a poor man who had sought his sanction to itinerate as a preacher through the parish, and who was, in consequence, severely bitten in the leg. His Reverence, seeing that his practical joke had a result far beyond his intention (which was only "to give the busy body a bit of a chase,") was really sorry, and made every reparation he could, short of allowing the good man to itinerate. Such was his love of hunting, however, that he frequently overleaped every bound of decorum in the gratification of his propensity: it was, for instance, no very unusual thing to see his horse and hounds waiting for him at the church-door on a vestry-day; and it was even said, that once being detained by the *service* rather longer than usual, a favourite dog made its way into the church, ran up the pulpit-steps, placed itself beside its master, and laying a paw upon the cushion, gave a bow, wow, as if to intimate that his horse stood ready at the door. The



Priest was, however, by far the more original character—a right jovial FATHER, full of fun and humour—and although, as already said, by no means anxious to make proselytes, yet at all times ready to use those powers, real or imaginary, with which his calling invested him, whether for his own profit or that of his church. Often have I seen him exercise the horsewhip upon the brawniest back in the parish, and never did I know of even such a power being questioned. But he ruled not merely by physical skill; for the people believed, that by a miraculous manifestation he could in a moment strike any of them dead, or turn them into cats, dogs, or any other “brute bastes.” I did not seek any introduction to him, thinking that he might entertain no very friendly feeling towards the Protestant successor to one of his own flock—so that I knew him but by character.

Shortly after my arrival, however, I found that from time to time a number of young trees had been cut down upon my property, in all probability to make pike-handles; and I consequently gave directions that no one should be permitted to walk, ride, or drive through the demesne, without my permission. Notwithstanding this, I observed that an old man was constantly allowed to pass without lett or hindrance; and I inquired of the gate-keeper, why it was so?

“Och, then, yer honour, an’ sure it’s his Rivrence; an’ sure it ’ud be more nor my life’s value to say any thing agin the clargy. An’ may be, if I did, he’d make the gates fly aff the hinges while ye’d say Jack Robinson, an’ nail myself to the spot for my dishobaygence—d’ye see, yer honour?”

I attempted to show the folly of such superstitious notions. But the poor man only turned up his eyes, and made the sign of the cross, with a suitable ejaculation. Seeing the matter was thus left upon my own hands, I watched my opportunity of confronting the old gentleman. As I approached him, I had a fair opportunity of observing his appearance. He was a fine, ruddy-looking old fellow, with very large nasal promontory, which rather disfigured his face—being curiously overlaid with purple gems; he was dressed in rusty black, with a kind of blue spencer reaching to his hips, while his massive legs were encased in a pair of black leathern gaiters. He bestrode a sober, sleek, little pony, which he allowed to jog along at its own humour. Assuming as much *hauteur* in my manner as possible, I demanded of him who or what he was, that he thus presumed, in opposition to my orders, to trespass on my grounds.

Reining in his pony, and eyeing me from head to foot with a most supercilious scowl, he replied—“Arrah, then, be my showl, it’s a purty day it’s come to, phwen I, Father Phalim O’Cumisky, the priest of the parish, that am crossin’ this path for forty years—ay, before ye war born, splashawn—that I, Father Phalim O’Cumisky, a clargy of the holy Roman church, should be stopped on my coorse be you or the likes of ye. Sure it’s myself that ought to be afther axin’ you who ye are; for though every cur-dog in the parish knows Father Phalim O’Cumisky, the sorra one o’ me ever set my own two eyes on ye before, young man. But I suppose yer some thirty-first cousin of the man that’s gone—rest his sowl in glory!”

So saying, the old gentleman was about to ride off, when, gently laying my hand on the bridle, I declared my determination that no one should pass that way without my permission.

Again reining in his little animal, and very deliberately unbuttoning

his spencer and body-coat, he drew from his pocket a little manual and a pair of spectacles, when placing the latter upon his nose, and opening the book, he repeated a short Latin prayer—then suddenly fixing his little dark eyes on me, in an authoritative tone, and with great earnestness, he demanded whether I would prefer being turned into a turkey-cock or a rabbit? This was beyond my powers of gravity—I burst into a loud laugh, which was seconded by the jolly priest, with an explosion of mirth which was truly surprising. As the fit subsided, observing that I was walking away, while putting up his miracle-working paraphernalia, he observed, “Now, Mither Thingimy, havin’ introduced myself in coorse, I suppose I may move on?” I waved my hand in acquiescence; and so we parted.

Many are the curious things I have heard of him: his sermons were the most extraordinary productions imaginable; he was a perfect Swift in his way, and was perhaps one of the best charity sermon preachers ever heard of—those who gave sparingly, he would personally address, holding them up to the contempt of the congregation; and if all else would fail, he would stand at the door, and bar the egress of such as could afford and would not give liberally. He once concluded a discourse as follows:

“You all know that I must answer for yer shins at the last day—ay, at the great day of shudgment, must I, Father Phalim O’Cumisky, come forward, an’ answer for the shins iv every mother’s showl of you; now, phwen the shudge calls me before him, an’ axes me, ‘Father Phalim O’Cumisky, did your flock attind mass riglarly?’ phwy, sure, I’ll answer, ‘Yis, yer honour, they does?’ ‘Did yer flock attind their stations an’ confiss riglarly?’ Och, God help me, I’ll say that they did. But *phwen* he says to me, ‘Father Phalim O’Cumisky, did yer flock pay you yer dues an’ demands riglarly?’—och, och, ye bowld divils, phwat will I say for ye thin, phwat will I say for ye thin, phwat will I say for ye thin?” \* \* \* \* \*

The following, I was also assured, formed a portion of a sermon delivered by him, some time after the settlement of the Presbyterian clergyman in the neighbourhood:

“My frinds, I’ll praich to ye in parabills—the parabills of the shtony ground, the torny ground, an’ the sheesis; an’ in the first place, there is three shorts of sheesis, you know—there is the shkim-milk sheese, the milk sheese, an’ the craim-milk sheese. In the first place of the order of my sarmont comes the craim-milk sheese. Arrah, my showl to heaven, but that’s the raal ould *Cathlic*; if you howld it to the fire, it’ll melt down in grase an’ rise up in glory. Next comes the milk sheese; that is the *Protestant*—if ye howld it to the fire, phwy to be sure it’ll melt down in grase, but, be my sarty, it’ll never rise up in glory. Last iv all comes the shkim-milk sheese; och, bad win’ to them, that’s the blue-bellied *Prasbytarins* from the North; if ye howld it to the fire, it’ll neither melt down in grase nor rise up in glory—but it’ll burn up as black as my shoe, as they’ll all burn in hell’s fire yet, if they don’t come an’ hear me or the likes iv me. \* \* \* \* \*

“I’ll tell ye a sthory, my frinds: there was three pilgrims wint one day to heaven; one iv them gave a terrible big rap at the door. Saint Pether axed him, ‘Who goes there?’ ‘I’m the Prasbyterin from the North of Ireland,’ says he. ‘Go yer ways,’ says Saint Pether, ‘I don’t know ye, at all, at all.’ So he tuck him by the collar, an’ gave him a kick where I won’t say, an’ druv him down to hell. Next comes the Protestant—do yes see he wusn’t so bowld; he gave a little dawny rap, an’

says, 'Och, St. Pether, will yes let me in?' 'Who are you?' says St. Pether. 'I'm the Protestant.' 'Go yer ways down to purgathory, an' stay there for five thousand years, an' then, if ye behave yerself, maybe I'd let yes in.' Last iv all, came the Cathlic, cryin', och-honin', an' craw-thump-in' at his own unworthiness. 'Who is that?' says St. Pether. 'I'm the poor Cathlic—will ye let me in, yer honour?' 'D'ye see the little hole there?' 'Yis.' "Well, more loock to yes and the likes o' yes, phwy don't ye put in yer finger an' lift the latch, an' come in, an' be happy, like all yer sort."

Frequently meeting his reverence in my walks, we soon became very good friends, and as he was not at all averse to good cheer, his originality of character and lively conversational powers often amused us during the long winter's evenings. One dreadfully severe night, in the beginning of February, while sitting round a pleasant peat fire, we were surprised by his well-known knock. Wondering what could have led him forth on such a night, we bade him welcome. He informed us, that a young gentleman, a stranger, had that evening called on him, having a letter directed for my late uncle; on learning that the old gentleman was dead, he seemed much depressed, and was doubtful of the propriety of having the letter delivered to me; his reverence was of a different opinion, and brought it with him. It proved to be from a gentleman in Dublin, who had evidently been exceedingly intimate with the deceased, introducing the bearer as the son of a mutually dear friend, the state of whose health rendered it necessary that he should reside in the country, at least for some time. Father Phelim had also received a letter, and was therefore prepared to speak to the point—which he did by urging, that, as the representative of my uncle, I was bound in honour to act as he would have done. Although not much relishing the idea of a total stranger becoming an inmate of my family, I knew what, as a landlord, would be expected from me in Connaught, and I acted accordingly. Telling the priest, therefore, that a servant should attend him, to conduct the young gentleman and bear his luggage to my house, the little man started on his legs, and shaking me warmly by the hand, declared that he knew "the good dhrop was in me." Then, gulping down half a tumbler of the native, by way of "bracin' his narves agin the cowl," he took his departure.

The servant speedily returned, and announced our guest, in whom, to our unutterable surprise, we recognised the youthful leader of the rebel party at the inn; nor was his emotion less at recognising us. Melancholy, however, was the alteration both in his manner and appearance: care and sorrow had contracted his lately open brow, while the hollow cheek and sunken eye told of days of want and nights of sleepless anxiety; the luxuriant curls which once adorned his ample forehead had all been cut away, and the fitful fire of his cautious glance indicated doubt and hesitation: his demeanour, too, was altered—dignity there was still in his insinuating maner—but the frank bearing was gone, the proud spirit broken, and he seemed to look upon himself as the victim of a fate as inevitable as it was cheerless.

After the first moment of confusion was over, he apologised for a visit which, he said, circumstances must have rendered peculiarly unwelcome, and declared his intention not to trespass upon our kindness beyond the succeeding morning. Had I been ever so much averse to his presence, his peculiar situation and manner—the latter that of a high-minded man in adversity—would have overcome every objection; and I accordingly pressed him to remain my guest as long as circumstances might permit.

He replied not—his feelings appeared too strong for utterance. Slowly seating himself upon the chair which had been placed for him, he buried his face in his hands, in order to hide the emotions which played upon his expressive countenance; his breast heaved with the agony he would have confined within, and which at length broke forth in bitter and burning tears. Brushing these hastily away, as if ashamed of his weakness, he at length said, "You will, I am sure, excuse my feelings." He could add no more: the intensity of his emotion, aided by the heat of the room, overcame his wasted frame, and he fainted.

After he had revived, and being cheered a little by our kindness, he gave us a minute account of all he had gone through since we had previously seen him. Hunted from place to place, the hardships he suffered seemed almost beyond human endurance; he had been whole days without food, and whole nights without shelter; he had several hair-breadth escapes from the king's troops, and owed his life to the faithfulness of a few followers; was obliged to struggle through a brain fever amidst all the privations of a miserable hovel, and had been once almost fatally wounded, when surprised in one of his lurking places. "But I thank God," said he, "my sufferings will soon be terminated, as I feel a consuming fire of disease preying silently within me—and thus, at least, and at last, I shall disappoint my bitterest enemies."

Feeling deeply interested in the fate of the young man whom fortune had thus thrown in our way, it afforded us sincere pleasure to perceive, that in the course of a very few days his health and spirits had greatly improved. He informed us, that his intention was to quit the country by the first vessel sailing for America in the spring; and, with this understanding, we prevailed on him to remain with us till an opportunity offered. The frankness of his manner had induced us to throw off all reserve towards him, and in a short time he became as one of the family. I had two or three times suggested, whether it would not be better for him to endeavour to get some friend to intercede on his behalf with the government; that he might thus, by throwing himself on their clemency, obtain such terms as would, at all events, enable him to make suitable preparations for quitting the kingdom. This, however, he declared he could never think of doing; that he had no faith in the promises which had been held out to those who should give themselves up; several of his friends who had done so, having either been shot, or flogged to death, after a mock trial at a drum head, or thrown into prison, and, where this was not the case, had, at all events, been sent out of the country like common felons; he was aware, he said, that little clemency would be shown to him, as his family had unfortunately one or two bitter enemies in the highest quarter, and more especially, as some tempting offers had been made to himself through his friends at an early stage of the business, if he would turn traitor to the cause in which he was engaged, and give up his associates. Finding every endeavour to change his mind upon the subject useless, I turned my attention to render him such assistance as would enable him to prepare for his intended voyage. From time to time he gave us a minute account of his history and various adventures. It appeared that he was an only child; that his father was still living, and resided near Dublin, and the greatest anxiety which he appeared to feel was induced by the distress which his conduct had brought upon his parents. He had lost his mother but a short time before—her dissolution having been hastened by her anxiety for him. While with us, he occasionally corresponded with his friends through Father Phelim. He had a small min-

iature of his mother, on the reverse side of which, he once showed one of my sisters the likeness of a very beautiful girl in whom his affections appeared to centre. While he had been neglected and spurned by others, she, in opposition to her own friends, had always found means to communicate with him, and, by the assurance of her affection, poured into his bosom that balm of consolation so sweet to the wounded spirit ; and the thought, that in another clime, and in happier circumstances, he should again meet with her, and have it in his power to reward her affection, seemed to have been the star which cheered his path in all the dark and distressing circumstances through which he had been so recently obliged to pass.

He had been nearly a month with us, when we heard of the arrival of a vessel at Sligo, which was again to sail in the course of a few days. Having every thing ready, it was determined, that on the Monday following he should take his departure ; and finding that we were to enjoy his society for so brief a period, we sat much together. One morning, before we had quitted the breakfast table, as we were talking of some things he wished us to do for him when he was gone, rising from his seat to present one of my sisters with a small diamond ring which he wished her to keep in remembrance of " the rebel chief," as he used sometimes to style himself—his eye being attracted to the mirror placed over the chimney-piece, he exclaimed—" It is all over—there are the soldiers !" Starting up and looking round, to my utter consternation I found it was too true—the house being already surrounded : and, as we knew that they would gain a ready entrance—the back door opening from the outside with a latch—scarcely knowing what I did, I endeavoured to hurry him up stairs, in the hope he might be able to conceal himself, or, at least, until I should make terms for him with the leader of the party. Scarcely, however, had he gained the first flight, when the officer who commanded entered the hall, and catching a glimpse of him, as he passed up, followed closely in pursuit, joined by two or three of his men with fixed bayonets, and an individual in coloured clothes, who held a pistol in each hand, and who I afterwards found to be an officer of police from Dublin. The poor fellow had just time to close to, and lock the door, as the officer approached it, who, without further ceremony, taking a gun from the hand of one of the soldiers, endeavoured to break it through, I being, meanwhile, forcibly detained from going up the stairs or interfering, by a soldier stationed below. Perceiving their intention, our unfortunate guest desired them, on their peril, to desist, as he was well armed and determined not to be taken but with his life ; at the same time throwing up one of the windows, as we supposed with the intention of making his escape. His expostulation was answered by a shot from a musket ; and at the same moment the police-officer and one of the party hastened to the outside of the house to prevent his escape in that direction. The door being made of old Irish oak, to break it through was found by the officer to be rather a harder task than he imagined, when he began a parley, advising our young friend quietly to surrender, as there was not the least chance of escape. No reply whatever being given to this, I began to hope that, perhaps, he had effected his escape, or to fear that he might have been killed by the ball which had been fired. The soldiers having discharged their guns through the door, once more resumed the attack upon it. At length, the lock giving way, it flew open, when the young chieftain, who had stationed himself close to it, dashed past them, slightly wounding the officer who attempted to seize him, and vaulting over the hand-rail

to the next flight of steps, escaped the shot from the officer's pistol, and having actually passed the sentry in the hall, bounded through the door, and gained the courtway. Here, however, he was met face to face by the serjeant, who, endeavouring to grapple with and detain him, he shot dead upon the spot with a small pistol which he held in his left hand, upon which more than a dozen pieces were, in a moment, discharged at him, every one of which appeared to take effect. He leaped into the air several feet, and fell prostrate, a lifeless corpse. The body was instantly surrounded by the soldiers, who, finding life extinct, treated it in the most brutal manner, one giving it a kick and a roll over, to see where the bullets had entered, while another gave it a prod with a bayonet. It is but justice, however, to the officer and the gentleman who accompanied him, to state, that they were not present while this was going forward—the major having been called to lend his assistance in dressing the wound received by the officer from the dagger. This having been accomplished, I found that I was a prisoner, and must proceed instantaneously to the metropolis—a warrant having been issued against me for having harboured an outlaw and a rebel. One hour was given me to prepare, during which every hole and corner in the house was searched, to see if any correspondence of a treasonable nature could be obtained, and every likely place throughout the grounds was also strictly examined for arms. Nothing, however, having been found, I alone was taken off; and, on my arrival in Dublin, instantly sent to Newgate. I immediately addressed a memorial to the government, explaining the facts of the case relative to the young man having come to me as a guest of my uncle; and stating that I had only recently arrived from England. In the mean time, my worthy friend the rector, who, with all his faults and follies, was as kind-hearted a being as ever breathed the breath of life, hearing the particulars of the transaction from my sisters, without a moment's delay set off for Dublin, and, in the course of a few days, through his kind interference, I was set at liberty, and with him returned to my home. Nothing could exceed the sympathy and kindness shewn on the occasion by individuals of every persuasion. The remains of the poor young man were quietly committed to the grave—the minister, and the priest, and several of the most respectable gentlemen of the neighbourhood attending on the occasion—the two first-mentioned individuals, walking arm in arm. Indeed each seemed, to vie with the other, who should show most attention to my sisters during my absence; and I believe no one circumstance ever occurred in the neighbourhood which had such an effect in producing a good feeling among all classes.

A few days after he was laid in his grave, a chaise drove to our door; it contained an interesting looking old man, and a young lady, who, amidst the wan and sickly hue which her features had assumed from the pressure of extreme grief and sorrow, bore a sufficient likeness to the miniature which our late unfortunate guest had worn, to assure us that she was the person it had been designed to represent. It is scarcely necessary to say, that the old man was his father; that they came to drop the tear of affection over his grave, and to make inquiries concerning him. The latter died shortly afterwards; but the lady is, I believe, still living, near Dublin: and, though young and beautiful at the time, and as I have very good reason to know, having oftentimes had many suitors for the honour of her hand, refused them all, and could never be induced to think of another.